



TUESDAY MORNING, Nov. 4, 1856.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT:
JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
OF KENTUCKY.

Democratic Electoral Ticket.

For the State at Large:

HENRY M. SHAW, of CUMBERLAND,
SAMUEL P. HILL, of CASSELL.

Districts:

- 1st District, WM. F. MARTIN, of Pasquotank.
- 2nd " " M. H. SMITH, of New Hanover.
- 3rd " " GASTON H. WILDER, of Wake.
- 4th " " S. E. WILLIAMS, of Alamance.
- 5th " " THOS. SETTLE, Jr., of Rockham.
- 6th " " R. P. WARING, of Mecklenburg.
- 7th " " W. W. AVERY, of Burke.

Election: TUESDAY, November 4th.

HEADS UP, BOYS! SKIES BRIGHT AND BRILLIANT!

Everything is auspicious and cheering for the Democracy! The political horizon glows with the effulgent brightness of the glorious sun of Democracy! Every breeze whether from the North, the South, the East or the West, bears sweet incense on its wings! We have everything to encourage and stimulate us to the energetic discharge of our duty—for Faith tells us we shall be victorious; while not a single speck of disaster overshadows our prospects. We have the cheering voice of every State at the South that has voted, speaking trumpet-tongued in behalf of our honored cause. Not one of them has gone astray in present new and strange gods. They have all joined the approach of Know-Nothingism as they would an enemy. They have proved true to their ancient faith—true to themselves, and true to their country. And in the North, the mighty voice of Pennsylvania—the old Keystone State—the home of the great Buchanan—has been heard in thunder tones proclaiming her inflexible and everlasting devotion to the great cause. Indiana and Connecticut have nobly responded to that voice—and all goes well in the camp of the Democracy.

While the prospect is thus cheering with us, how stands the case with the Fillmoreners? In all the battles that have been fought of late, they have failed to win a solitary victory—they have been invariably beaten. They have not carried a single State, either North or South. They are bankrupt in power and influence as they are in political principles. Their flag does not wave over the hosts of a single State. They are full of empty boasts and play the brag and while shameless defeat attends their every encounter! Valiant party! Tremendous army! Always vanquished!—never victorious!

DOWN IN THE MOUTH!

The Fillmoreners are sad, dejected, woe-begone! Many of the most candid and honest of them openly confess that Buchanan will be elected; and those even who are in the habit of swearing their way through thick and thin, have such a sullen, degged, spiritless appearance as to betray unintentionally a consciousness of their impending doom! Their doom is sealed—you may read it in their forlorn countenances! Their career is nearly ended—and those who have attempted to lead the people in the ways of darkness are destined to be overwhelmed by the people! Their hard swearing—their trickery and their denegation will avail them nothing—they will recoil upon the heads of their authors with ten fold force! Their leaders have been unscrupulous and corrupt—but the masses of the people are honest—they cannot be led to the slaughter like sheep in the shambles! No! they will turn upon their deceivers and visit them this day with a rebuke which they will remember to the end of time! The way of the transgressor is hard—Know-Nothingism is now upon the rack of popular contempt. This day closes its brief but guilty career.

With this sad picture, behold a striking contrast in the lofty stepping of the proud old Democracy—their bright and buoyant faces—all telling of confidence in victory—how always attends a good cause! There is will and determination in their countenances—a perseverance which overcomes all obstacles, and a resolution which is the sure forerunner of a brilliant victory!

THANKS.

Mr. Thomas Shannon, under our office, who has just laid in a large stock of choice family groceries, liquors, &c., has kindly sent us a bottle of prime old Bourbon Whiskey, for which we will please accept our thanks. Those in want of anything in his line are advised to call and examine his stock.

HURRAH FOR THE BOYS!

We have omitted to mention that the gallant little Democratic boys in this town, though few in number, have erected a pole nearly one hundred feet high, at the corner of S. Davis' street, flying at its mast-head the glorious flag of BUCHANAN and BRECKINRIDGE! Hurrah for the young Democracy!

THE GREAT OCCASION!

This is the great day! Millions of free-men are to-day moving in solid masses to the polls, to exercise the inestimable right of suffrage in the selection of their Chief Magistrate! Farmers quit their ploughs—mechanics their workshops, merchants their stores, and professional men their offices, to express their preferences through that great palladium of our liberties—the ballot-box! From Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, this mighty nation is one moving mass of animated humanity—all, all astir upon the one absorbing issue—the selection of those who are to fill the chief places in the Government! Noble exemplification of civil liberty! Magnificent display of moral grandeur!

Three parties are striving for the mastery. The Black Republican party is as noted for its bitter and unrelenting sectionalism, as the Know Nothing party is for its contemptible imbecility—its utter nothingness. The great DEMOCRATIC PARTY—the one only national and conservative party—stands pre-eminently forth as the champion of the Union and the Constitution, all over the country—North as well as South. It embraces within its ample folds the conservative men of all sections. Its principles have been tried in the ordeal of severe experience, and not found wanting. They have given to our country its present position of greatness and power among the nations of the earth. They are known, and safe. We have no risk to run in their adoption. The Government has been in the hands of the Democratic party almost all the time since the organization of parties. That party has proved itself patriotic and equal to the successful and prosperous management of public affairs. In proof of this, we proudly point to our past history—to the records of the country. Every feature impressed upon the national statute-book is Democratic, and put there by Democrats. No Whig measure stands recorded there as now existing—no Know Nothing measure is there—but all is Democratic from beginning to end. Does not this all go to show that the Democratic party is the party of the country—the party upon which we must rely for the continuance and advancement of the prosperity and greatness that have secured to us so enviable a distinction among the rival powers of the world?

In the perilous crisis now impending over the country, this party is looked to by the conservative men of all sections to guide the ship of State safely through the breakers. The very flower of the old Whig party have flocked to its standard. The son of Clay and of Webster, the Choates, the Joneses, the Benjamins, the Peares, the Barringers, the Osbornes, and thousands of other bright luminaries, feeling that the country is in danger and that the Democracy alone can save it, have openly declared for JAMES BUCHANAN, the Democratic nominee. When such distinguished men—men who have hitherto led the hosts of the opposition to Democracy—men who were Generals in the old Whig camp, come out for Buchanan, then indeed must he be the statesman "upon whom each god doth seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." And when such men come over, we may be well assured that they come not alone, but bring with them thousands and thousands of the good men of their former party associations. Throughout the length and breadth of this great country, the great masses of the Democracy—their ranks swollen by accessions of the best men of the old Whig party—are moving to the polls like a mighty avalanche; and in their resistless march, they will sweep everything before them like chaff before the wind.

Then, brother Democrats of Pasquotank, we appeal to you to come up to the work like men! Let us swell the ranks of the mighty army of Democracy that is this day moving on to battle and to victory! Let us give a good account of ourselves, by rolling up a tremendous vote for those illustrious statesmen—JAMES BUCHANAN and JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE!

\$10 REWARD!

Our offer to be \$100 that Fillmore would not be elected the next President, (published last week) not having been taken, we now offer a premium of \$10 for the production of any Know Nothing who will muster up courage enough to "face the music" during the day. Walk up, gentlemen, but you might as well "call spirits from the vasty deep." They will not come!

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Democrats! come up to the work like men today! Energy, spirit, enthusiasm, are all that need be displayed to crown our efforts with a victory of unsurpassed splendor! Let every man work! Let us all work! One singlet day's earnest, hearty work will secure us the blessings of a glorious holiday afterwards! Let us work for it!

Brother Democrats!

From the rising of this day's sun to the going down thereof, let us work with a will for those glorious champions of our glorious cause—JAMES BUCHANAN and JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE!

Read the great letter of Henry A. Wise in response to an invitation to visit Henderson in this State. It is a crusher.

Beware of Know Nothing lies circulated on the day of election, for effect!

At a political meeting in Portland, a few days ago, a K. N. orator mounted a brandy cask, and opened his speech by exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I stand upon the platform of my party."

KENNETH RAYNER AGAIN UPON THE BOARDS!

This individual, whose Nuncio-story and Northern proclivities had consigned him to a position of deserved obscurity, has "turned up" again. In other words, he has written a letter which we find in the New York Herald, Fremont's great Organ. The Herald chuckles over the letter with evident delight, because Mr. Rayner advises an amalgamation of all parties at the North for the purpose of defeating the Democracy. Rayner's letter contains some passages which we extract for the benefit of his minions in this District, who receive his dicta as gospel truths. After a brief introductory paragraph, he opens as follows:

Mr. Fillmore is popular throughout the South, and has been for years. HIS POLITICAL FRIENDS IN THE SOUTH DO NOT SUSTAIN HIM BECAUSE WE REGARD HIM AS A PRO-SLAVERY MAN, FOR WE DO NOT. Not because we believe that if elected President he would be a slavery propagandist, and would use his official influence in forcing slavery in Kansas, or any where else, FOR WE DO NOT DE-IRE ANY SUCH THING; but we sustain him because we believe that, if elected, he would be President, be neither pro-slavery nor anti-slavery, but that he would be national, observing the requirements of justice, of duty, of an enlarged patriotism to all sections of our common country.

He next proceeds to calculate Mr. Fillmore's chances—and in this melancholy strain utters his idea thereupon:

And yet, owing to the perpetual agitation and intensity of excitement that the ruling spirits of democracy manage to keep up on the subject of slavery throughout the South, I should be wanting in candor if I were to pretend that I thought we could confidently rely on more than four Southern States as against Buchanan.

How do those K. N.'s feel who have bet their money on five Southern States?—Rayner himself does not "pretend" to "think" of relying on more than four!

He takes ground that the election of Fremont would not be just cause for a dissolution of the Union, and that the Southern people, outside of the leaders, would be opposed to dissolution in such a contingency. No wonder the New York Herald, Fremont's organ, pats Rayner lovingly on the shoulder!

MORE HELP!

The 'Ashland Kentuckian,' whose editor is an old-line Whig, has come out strongly for Buck and Breck! He says:

"But a crisis is at hand, in national affairs which demands the energies of every true and patriotic citizen, not alone in the behalf of party or personal preference, but for the good of his country, and his whole country, and those best capable of securing the prosperity of this our happy and beloved land. And as a calm survey of the field of political contest, has proven to our judgment Fillmore (for whom we are an old-line Whig, we entertain much respect) is not where in the race for the Presidency, but the contest lies between Buchanan and Fremont, we have determined, in the sentiment of an illustrious patriot now no more, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,' we, in our editorial as well as in our private capacity, will devote our best efforts to what we believe to be the true interest of our country, and this first and strongest by advocating the claims of those distinguished statesmen, James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge."

The Virginia Duel.

RICHMOND, Oct. 27.—The Grand Jury to-day presented Robert G. Scott, John M. Batts, Roger A. Pryor, of the Enquirer, B. B. Botts, A. D. Banks of the Petersburg Democrat, and others, for a violation of the duelling law.

Correspondence of the Pioneer.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Oct. 30.

MR. EDITOR: On the appearance of this article in your paper, we have dawning the day quadrannally set apart in our political calendar, for the election of a Chief Magistrate for the American Republic. While I am well aware, that anything I can now say, will scarcely reach beyond the limits of my native town, before the contest will be over, yet if I can only inspire the patriots of Pasquotank, that has stood so firmly amid the desponding gloom of defeat, with that spirit which disaster cannot conquer, I shall have accomplished my highest aim. With a devotion tested in the ordeal of past reverses, but amply rewarded by the gradual progress of orthodox principles, how can I, or any man, presume to doubt the interest felt, or question the zeal which every true Democrat is ready to exert for his country, in securing for her service a wise, prudent, and patriotic president. Sufficient is it for me, to point out the results to accrue, from a proper and discreet exercise of the elective franchise.

Periodically the country is excited by the violence and asperity of partisan feeling, but a respite of calm immediately follows the decree of the people pronounced through the ballot-box, thus beautifully illustrating the wisdom of our political system. Though the public mind may be wrought up to phrensy and madness, by an honest but too zealous adherence to "men and measures," yet its restlessness is sure to abate like the billows of the ocean, when the storm has passed away. That we are in the midst of an excitement that cannot be described is undeniable, but that its end is near, is certainly evident.

Before us are three parties, each soliciting the support of the people. Their principles are radically different, some of them being destructive of the very ends for which the Government was instituted. To examine them carefully and deliberately—to give them the searching scrutiny and trying investigation of philosophical truth—to divest them of the glittering tinsel which sophistry has so ingeniously thrown around them, is the solemn and imperative duty of every lover of the Union. Constant vigilance can alone prevent the triumph of error, or disrobe it of the various disguises, by which it seeks to rear its throne of supremacy.

There was in days gone by, a Whig party, composed of a vast amount of intelligence, wealth, and patriotism. From its ashes phoenix-like arose the Know Nothing organization, built solely upon principles of the most proscriptive character, and inviting under its banner every element of opposition to the Democratic party. Its successes were rapid and brilliant, its influence strong and vigorous—paralyzing and

disheartening those who stood in its way. But its career was as brief as the meteor that purues its fleeting and erratic path along the heavens, and then expires forever. Its fragments remain, and the sickly vitality which is visible in the care-worn visage and death foreboding features of "Sam," make him an object not of fear, but of commiseration. Many good and true men enlisted in this cause of intolerance and proscription, through mistaken feelings and erroneous ideas, formed from exaggerated and highly colored misrepresentation of the Catholic Church and the influence of foreigners—subjects to which prejudice is too apt to listen with unguarded ears. Considering the organization however, far removed from all possible hope of success, I pass it by without further notice.

There is another party more formidable, and vastly more dangerous. It is limited in its sphere of action by geographical lines, and held together by the "one idea" principle. It was upon an institution provided by the solemnity of constitutional provisions and guarantees, and comprising no inconsiderable part of the wealth of the South. It strives to incite a servile ebullition in our midst, that the fairer portion of the Union may return to its primeval state—the haunts of beasts and the home of savages. Pandering to the worst passions of the human heart, and securing in its disreputable service the aid of corrupt and graceless prelates, whose defiled tongues are for an exterminating crusade against us, it threatens to shatter freedom's bright fabric into shapeless ruins. It affects to see many ills afflicting the body politic, for which it would prescribe a deadly virus, to paralyze and destroy its very vitality. That this "poisoned chalice" may be turned from our lips so we can still drink copiously at the unfailing and refreshing fountain of liberty, is the wish of every patriot's heart. Let us inquire how we can avoid the evils that beset us, and continue to advance in the high road of prosperity and renown, so clearly marked out for us by the statesmen of the Revolutionary era.

The conservative men of all parties seeing the peril to which our institutions are subjected, and rising above the sordid considerations of self-aggrandizement, enlist under the Democratic standard, as the only flag that covers the Union with its ample folds. In times of trial, when the stoutest heart despaired, and good men invoked the overruling power of Jehovah, to give the country peace, through the instrumentality of the Democracy, quiet has been restored, and the public mind relieved of its torturing solicitude. Factions have gone down and been crushed by it, and over the wild abyss of anarchy, it has placed the Morning Star of Hope and Deliverance.

In this evil day, when combinations seemingly incongruous and antagonistic in their character, have fused into one solid mass of opposition to existing laws, an antidote must be found in the Democratic party. Recognising the principle of equality of the States, as a cardinal maxim of our faith, and proclaiming that justice shall be done to all regardless of local institutions, and that domestic peace must be preserved at every hazard, it is the only safety-valve in the machinery of Government, to prevent its explosion and destruction.

It is a sublime spectacle, to see the sons of Clay and Webster, and the leading statesmen of the Whig party—the Choates, the Peares, the Pratts, the Joneses, the Benjamins, the Kerrs, and others, coming up to the altar of their country, to immolate upon it former political predilections. Like the Roman Curia, they are willing to leap into the yawning gulf, for the honor and welfare of the Republic. The crisis is great, and the fearful whirlpools of disunion just before us. Every patriot in this moment of anxiety and doubt, of fear and foreboding, sees but one hope of rescue and salvation for the Constitution. We present to the people, James Buchanan, who has been tried in Cabinets, Councils and Courts, and found fully equal to every civil strife, as the statesman who can allay the storm, and restore quiet to a distracted land. With a character beyond reproach—a patriotism as large and comprehensive as America, and gifted with an intellect that has reflected honor upon his name and nation; all pre-eminently qualified him for the Chief Magistracy. That he will be elected is a "fixed fact." Recent indications indisputably show it. The country demands his services; and on the fourth of March his sun will ascend the horizon, to gladden the Western Confederacy with the rising splendor of a new and better era in her history.

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EXTENSIVE FIRE IN NORFOLK.

At half past 2 o'clock, on Sunday morning, fire was discovered in the large five story building at the north corner of Market Square and Union Street, occupied by Mr. Jas. E. Barry as a china store, and the upper stories by Mr. Jas. Barry, Sr., as a dwelling. When the family were aroused, the house was full of smoke, and fire was blazing up fiercely at the steps: the inmates were compelled to make their escape on ladders, and in the greatest haste, from windows of the 2d story. The whole of large corner building, extending 120 feet back to Newton's lane, was soon in a blaze, the flames towering and curling up to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, lighting up the whole city. The fire spread rapidly, and before it could be subdued, the large shoe establishment of Mr. E. R. Gale and the elegant hat establishment of Wm. Johnson, Jr., were entirely destroyed. The extensive shoe store of Messrs. Gurney & Co., and the large hardware house of Messrs. Griffith & Wilson, were also on fire, the former being greatly damaged. By extraordinary exertions, goods to a very large amount were removed out into the Square and saved, though in a damaged condition. Mr. W. T. Harrison's grocery, Mr. Jno. Gornally's saddlery, Messrs. Small & Co.'s store and tinware establishment, and the gun and pistol store of Mr. W. E. Foster and Messrs. Morris & Watters, on Union Street, were considerably injured, being in proximity to the large house of Mr. Barry. The basement story of this building was kept as an eating house and restaurant by Mrs. W. Robinson, who sustained some loss, and a room in the rear on the first floor was occupied by Wm. McIntosh, a colored man, as a barber shop.

The whole loss is estimated at nearly \$100,000—more than half of which is covered by insurance, the larger portion being in the Mutual.—*Norfolk Argus*, Oct. 28.

Clear the way for Buchanan and Breckinridge!!!

LETTER OF GOV. WISE.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I have duly received yours of the 14th, since my return from your capital, and respond to it most cordially at my earliest convenience. I regret that it is entirely out of my power to meet you as you propose, at Henderson in your State, on the 25th inst. I regret this the more, because I was obliged, when in North Carolina, to decline similar requests from political friends, on grounds which made it imperative that I should abstain from any public address.

I lately, for the first time in my life, had the gratification of visiting your noble, good old State; and since my return to my post, have been called upon by the Raleigh Register, of Oct. 15th, to answer:

"1st. By whose invitation came these 'gentlemen' (Gov. Adams, of S. C., and 'Wise' of Va.) to North Carolina? 2nd. 'Why did they meet here just in time for the returns of the Pennsylvania election?' 3rd. It calls on the Standard to answer: 'What does it say to this attempt to 'hitch our conservative, Union-loving old 'State of North Carolina to this car of 'disunion'?"

Now these questions of "guilty or not guilty," are put after an indictment in due newspaper form for "disunion," for applying an "incendiary torch," "acting without authority," madness, "leather and 'prunella," in one alternative, or "treason" in the next.

On the authority of a mendacious Know Nothing paper, in Virginia, it takes the acts and motives of the acts as charged to be true, pronounces sentence of guilty, and condemns to public infamy, and then and thereafter asks the accused—two gentlemen, whose ostensible offence is the misdemeanor of going to North Carolina—are you guilty or not guilty of disloyalty to the Union and of treason to the country? Now these are extraordinary times, gentlemen, when such rudeness can be perpetrated by public journals upon private life, with no other excuse for it than a jealousy which will not allow of the suspicion even of consultation by Southern men among themselves for their social safety, and the conservation of the Constitution and union of their country. The New-York Herald, the Tribune, any Black Republican newspaper north of the Potomac, might have been expected to violate all laws of civility and hospitality by putting such interrogatories, pregnant with falsehood, insult and impudence; but I did not expect such outrage from a metropolitan paper in a Southern slave State. But it is on a par with the treason to the South which shouts to Black Republican speeches in Richmond, which raises a pole and a flag to Fremontism in Portsmouth, and which corrupts the mind of a Professor even in your University. The indications are all of a piece, and show to what the enemies of Democracy and slavery are tending. They, indeed, call upon those who have a care of our social safety to meet and consult upon the best means of conserving our property, our peace, our rights and honor. I say to you, my friends, that I went to Raleigh on my own motion, desiring to go there, and feeling, by affection to North Carolina, that I had a right to go there. Does a Know Nothing or Blue Federalist deny my Constitutional right to do so? God help him! I mean to do so again, and will answer to the grand jury there or any other lawful tribunal, or to any private individual who will make the demand of my right as a citizen of one State of privileges in another. The time, too, is not appointed by the Constitution, whether I shall go to North Carolina "just in time for the returns of the Pennsylvania election" or not. *Nullem tempus occurrit populi*, in this free country. Locomotion is as free as the highway, as free as *aer et lux et aqua profectus*. Heaven defend Gov. Adams!—his State may punish him for leaving her limits, but mine leaves me unlimited ingress or egress, and it is made even my official duty to conduct either in person or by an agent, all intercourse with foreign governments or another State; and there is no limit of the time and place and manner of so doing. But it was pardonable for us to go to Raleigh about the time of the returns of the Pennsylvania election. Unhappy allusion!—these returns have come in since our departure, and how gloriously they have scattered every cause for convening for any "treason, stratagem or spoils." They show that the Democracy has saved the country and discomfited those who would have brought upon it swift destruction. Indiana and Ohio have joined in the guarantee of our peace, for the present at all events, against the besom which the fumes of the times were sweeping over us. *Io Pean! Io triumph!*—This allays the gorgons which haunt the hypocrisy of knaves who are the worst enemies of the Union, because they are forever huckstering off their political errors upon the pious attachment of the people of the United States to its perpetuity. The clamor against State Rights, State Equality, State Individuality and Independence, and the sneers at Southern chivalry or at Democratic Nationality, are becoming about as stale and as well understood as is every idle threat to dissolve the Union, or the cry of wolf! wolf! when there is no wolf. Indeed, that cry has been made so often without cause, that now when the wolf is at the door, too many fail to believe it, and there are too many in our very midst who would, if they could, conceal it. To this class, belongs this Editor who denounces every movement, known or unknown in its design and object, "in advance of any overt act, in advance of any positive aggression, in advance of any invasion of our guaranteed rights." And this conceder to our assailants that they have as yet done no overt act, have committed no positive aggression, have been guilty of no invasion: A concession like this from a metropolitan press of a slave State, not only justifies all wrongs of the past, but harks on the enemies who would do us every wrong in the future. It is insidious submission to fanaticism, free-soilism, Black Republicanism. Was it no wrong that a restriction was attempted to be imposed upon a slave State in 1819-'20? Was it no wrong that that restriction's failure upon Missouri, could be compensated or compromised only by imposing the same restriction on all the territory north of 36 deg. 30 min north latitude? Was it no wrong that the attempt was made to violate that compromise by applying the restriction against slavery to the territory south of that line, in the form of the Wilmot Proviso? Was it no wrong that, when we acquired new territory from Mexico, the North would not consent that the line of 36 deg. 30

min. should be a chimney line, instead of applying it to the Louisiana purchase alone, and would not extend it to the Pacific? That the South should be deprived of its equal privilege of locating its labor in the gold mines of California? Was it no wrong that after Texas was recognized, annexed and established as a slave State, that 44,000 square miles of her territory were dedicated to free-soil? Was it no wrong that a territorial government and thence a free-soil State was inducted into the Union, without an act of Congress, by proclamation from the military camp? Is it no wrong, that after destroying the whole scope of the Missouri Compromise and getting the benefit of it in Oregon, and Washington territories, its formal repeal by the Compromise of 1850 has not been acquiesced in? Is it no wrong, if the acts of 1850 did not repeal it, and the Kansas Nebraska should not have repealed it as is contended, that Black Republicanism is not now willing to apply its letter and spirit to the Kansas territory which is south of 36 deg. 30 min? If the Compromise of '20 '21 ought to be restored, as they contend, and slavery ought not to be allowed to go north of 36 deg. 30 min, in the Louisiana purchase, is it no wrong to shoot slaveholders with Sharpe's rifles in Kansas south of 36 deg. 30 min? Is it no wrong to incorporate Emigrant Aid Societies to mob us off from common territory? Is it no wrong by pulpit, press, preacher, teacher, schools and every combination of influence, to array every social feeling in a community having no tie or association with slavery, against it everywhere, however existing? Is it no wrong to deny us either social or political equality? Is it no wrong to nullify the laws and decisions of the Supreme Court in respect to fugitive slaves, not by the higher law of a mob, popular sentiment, but by State statutes framed to counteract the federal laws? Is it no wrong to prohibit and prevent the holding of slave property on the entire frontier of the slave States, within their limits, against their laws? Is it no wrong that continual, incessant agitation, in Congress and the country, is dangerously inflaming the public mind, so that nothing but bitterness and strife is engendered by every political question and canvass? Is it no wrong that our churches are already split, divided and separated, and fearfully corrupted too, by this merely carnal and worldly strife? Is it no wrong that we cannot travel in peace and without danger of insult and reproach, in portions of our own country? Is it no wrong that family ties are disturbed and business relations threatened? Is it no wrong that a conflict of State laws is already begun? Is it no wrong, which, if perpetuated by a foreign power, would cause a declaration of war? Would it be no wrong to elect a sectional President on the one idea of anti-slavery? Would such an election be no wrong, when its very issues of abolition or exclusion of slavery could not be discussed even by speaking or writing, in several of the States of the Union, without violating their criminal code? Would it be no wrong under such a state of things to add to the Black Republican House of Representatives in Congress the whole power of the Federal Executive, army and navy included?

But why enumerate more, and more more, infinitely more than this, whilst yesterday appropriations to carry on the military war were refused whilst the blood of civil war was flowing in a Territory, and whilst a mob, a black mob, had seized, successfully, the reins of a State Government, and had imprisoned a supreme Judge for executing the laws! To every pregnant interrogatory these Southern siders and abettors of Black Republicanism in the North would say, as the Raleigh Register says: "Nay! 'Nay! 'Nay! 'Nay!" The North may combine, the North may nullify, the North may form associations, incorporate rank treason by statute, and even men may go North to Conventions from North Carolina and Virginia, to betray their own hearths and homes by first contriving and then abolishing 12th sections of platforms; but at a time like this, when "by feud and faction all the land is torn,"—"when the nation's genius acts against itself,"—"when shook from its central pole, all power,"—"when foreign foes foment our strifes, and, when our confederate foes, vaunting, rejoice in our divisions and 'list your agents to your own destruction," if the South asks of the South in startled concern, "what shall we do to be saved?" and to save—to save ourselves and our country too, with all its blessings, its union, its peace, its prosperity, its social safety—if brother but simply hails brother, to cry, not for blood, not to meet in churches to subscribe for arms, but to exhort one another to patience, to forbearance, to anything but abject submission and dishonor,—you hear a traitor exclaim "treason!" "treason!"—a knave cry out, "Stop thief!" Will the people of North Carolina condemn me for daring the first time in my life to go to her sacred sovereign borders? If Virginia and South Carolina have brooded treason or breathed wrath, North Carolina has been the very matron of peace in the family of States—ever conservative, ever calm, ever serene and dignified in her composure, and it was to Raleigh, not to Richmond or to Charleston, that South Carolina's and Virginia's Governors chose to go. They went not to a Fair, but they fairly went and were fairly received and entertained. They went in open day, bore no dark lantern, and were not driven away. Quietly, privately in the sense and sanctity of private life, not secretly, they were hospitably honored as guests—aye, more—as men who loved and honored North Carolina, as men who would do or die for her vital interests and more vital honor. Is he her friend who hieses after retiring guests like these? Is he fit for her people to trust, or for her private gentlemen to treat with their hospitality? By this very want of comity and courtesy, and this graceless invasion of privacy, does he not prove himself most anxious himself to betray the weaker to the stronger, the wronged to the wrong-doer? Rest assured that if the people of North Carolina understand the true issues, the secret springs of events now developing, they will not say "Nay!" to consultations for their peace and safety. The least thing involved is slavery. That is but the bone of contention. Fanatics are deluded, the North attempted to be united by that! Once united, once consolidated by sectional bigotry and hate against the South, the political Pharisees, the pseudo-philanthropists who now pretend to be super-serviceable in the work of abolition, will first compress slavery into cotton and sugar limits, and then they will turn upon the fanatics, the earnest, honest fools, and

laugh at their absurdity, and it will turn to and import slaves from the plantations as soon as the domination is what is aimed at. Rights and strict construction are belonging only to the agricultural and to the slave-labor States. Federalism of the Union, Federalism of the Essex Junto, and rear again his horrid front, and all that Jefferson and Macon, and Ohio and Virginia, ever contemplated. Already has the Black-dog of the Railroad inscribed on it, almost political revolution overwhelmed the Democratic votes of Harper's and Shade of Macon, look down on the blessed soil of your native State, which you impressed your personal faith, and "guard the personal Union the patriot parties, and States in consultation, how they serve, not destroy, the Constitution of our country. Grant that its are hovering over us! From the gloom I see the day-star of ruin—the saving Democracy—its wisdom and the virtue of that time, which has survived the test and again have Banks and Tariff and Improvements by the Federal Government all that Jefferson and Macon, and Ohio and Virginia, ever contemplated. Already has the Black-dog of the Railroad inscribed on it, almost political revolution overwhelmed the Democratic votes of Harper's and Shade of Macon, look down on the blessed soil of your native State, which you impressed your personal faith, and "guard the personal Union the patriot parties, and States in consultation, how they serve, not destroy, the Constitution of our country. Grant that its are hovering over us! From the gloom I see the day-star of ruin—the saving Democracy—its wisdom and the virtue of that time, which has survived the test and again have Banks and Tariff and Improvements by the Federal Government all that Jefferson and Macon, and Ohio and Virginia, ever contemplated. 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10. The Commission has received information from the Government of the United States of America that the United States has a large number of nuclear weapons and that it has a policy of maintaining a large number of nuclear weapons.
